

The Tragedie of Hamlet

through the guts of a begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger finde him not thre, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeede you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vp the stayres into the Lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deede for thine especiall safety Which we do tender, as we deerely grieue For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence. Therefore prepare thy selfe, The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe, Th'associats tend, and euery thing is bent For *England*.

Ham. For *England*.

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees the, but come for *England*, Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife, Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother: Come for *England*. *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foote, Tempt him with speede aboard, Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.

Away, for euery thing is seald and done

That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make hast,

And *England*, if my loue thou hold'st at ought,

As my great power thereof may giue thee sence,

Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,

After the Danish sword, and thy free awe

Payes homage to vs, thou may'st not coldly see

Our soueraigne proësse, which imports at full

By Letters congruing to that effect

The present death of *Hamlet*, doe it *England*,

For like the Hecique in my blood he rages.

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And thou must cure me; till I know tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army ouer the stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse*
Craues the conueyance of a promisd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous,
If that his Maiestie would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

For. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of *Norway* sir.

Ham. How purposed sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commaunds them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortenbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir,
Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it;
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garifond.

Ham. Two thousand foules, & twenty thousand duckets
VVill not debate the question of this straw,
This is th'Impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes, and shoves no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Will't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.
How all occasions doe informe against me,

K 3

And